I hate him, for he is a Chriſtian:
But more, for that in low ſimplicitie
He lends out money gratis, and brings downe
The rate of uſance here with us in *Venice*.
If I can catch him once upon the hip,
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I beare him.
He hates our ſacred Nation, and he railes,
Even there vvhere Merchants moſt doe congregate,
On me, my bargaines, and my well-won thrift,
Which he cals Intereſt: Curſed be my Tribe
If I forgive him. *Baſſ. Shylocke*, doe you heare?
Shyl. I am debating of my preſent ſtore,
And by the neere gueſſe of my memorie,
I cannot inſtantly raiſe up the groſſe
Of full three thouſand Ducats: vvhat of that?
Tuball a wealthy Hebrew of my Tribe
Will furniſh me; but ſoft, how many months
Doe you deſire? Reſt you faire good Signior,
Your worſhip vvas the laſt man in our mouthes.
Ant. Shylocke, albeit I neither lend nor borrow,
By taking nor by giving of exceſſe,
Yet to ſupply the ripe wants of my friend,
Ile breake a cuſtome: is he yet poſſeſt
How much ye would? *Shyl.* I, I, three thouſand ducats.
Ant. And for three months.
Shyl. I had forgot, three months, you told me ſo.
Well then, your Bond: and let me ſee, but heare you,
Me thought you ſaid, you neither lend nor borrow
Vpon advantage. *Ant.* I doe never uſe it.
Shyl. When *Iacob* graz'd his Vncle *Labans* Sheepe,
This *Iacob* from our holy *Abram* vvas
(As his wiſe Mother vvrought in his behalfe)
The third Poſſeſſor; I, hee vvas the third.
Ant. And vvhat of him, did he take Intereſt?
Shyl. No, not take Intereſt, not as you would ſay
Directly Intereſt; marke vvhat *Iacob* did,
When *Laban* and himſelfe vvas compremiz'd,
That all the Eanelings vvhich vvere ſtreak't and pied

Should fall as *Iacobs* hire, the Ewes being ranke
In end of Autumne, turned to the Rammes;
And vvhen the worke of generation was
Betweene theſe woolly breeders in the act,
The skilfull Shepherd pyl'd me certaine vvands;
And in the doing of the deed of kinde,
He ſtucke them up before the fulſome Ewes,
Who then conceaving, did in eaning time
Fall party-colour'd Lambs, and thoſe vvere *Iacobs*.
This was a way to thrive, and he was bleſt:
And thrift is Bleſſing, if men ſteale it not.
Ant. This vvas a venture Sir, that *Iacob* ſerv'd for,
A thing not in his power to bring to paſſe,
But ſwaid and faſhion'd by the hand of heaven.
Was this inſerted to make Intereſt good;
Or is your gold and ſilver, Ewes and Rammes?
Shyl. I cannot tell, I make it breed as faſt;
But note mee Signior.
Ant. Marke you this, *Baſſanio*,
The Devill can cite Scripture for his purpoſe;
An evill ſoule producing holy vvitneſſe,
Is like a villaine with a ſmiling cheeke,
A goodly apple rotten at the heart.
O what a goodly out-ſide Falſhood hath!
Shyl. Three thouſand Ducats, 'tis a good round Sum.
Three months from twelve, then let me ſee the rate.
Ant. Well *Shylocke*, ſhall we be beholding to you?
Shyl. Signior *Anthonio*, many a time and oft,
In the Ryalto, you have rated mee
About my monies and my uſances,
Still have I borne it with a patient ſhrug:
(For ſuffrance is the badge of all our Tribe)
You call me miſ-beleever, cut-throat dog,
And ſpet upon my Jewiſh gaberdine,
And all for uſe of that vvhich is mine owne.
Well then, it now appeares you need my helpe:
Goe to then, you come to me, and you ſay,
Shylocke, we would have monies, you ſay ſo: